

G. CRAMEO, 20 N. Ann St., Chicago, Ill.

Wit and Humor.

A dentist's sign—Drawing, music, and dancing.

The cry of the chiropodist: "I came, I saw, I cornured."

A nice little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

"And the iron entered my sole," said Grayhead, as he pulled the tack out of the bottom of his slipper.

Self-made man (examining school, of which he is a manager). "Now, boy, what's the capital of Olland?" Boy—"An 'H,' sir."

Wanted—The name of a city in the United States which has not at some time or another been called the Athens of America.—New York Mail.

Photographer (about to remove the screen from the camera). "All ready! That is very good; but couldn't you—ah—put a little intelligence in your eyes?"

A visitor observed to Meissonier that he seemed to have none of his own pictures. "Too dear, my dear madam," said the great artist; "I can't afford them."

A man will sit on the picket fence all the afternoon to see a base-ball game, but put him in a church pew for three-quarters of an hour, and he will wobble all over the seat.

Quack—"So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. Pillsbury?"

Mrs. Mulligan—"Och, indade, docther, dear, yer a dale better than the other ould humbug."

Father (to sleepy boy).—"Come, James, you ought to be up with the lark on such a beautiful morning."

Matter-of fact Boy—"All right. But how'm going to get up there."

A little boy of Providence not yet out of his short clothes, was asked by his grandmother the other day how he had torn his dress. He replied that it had "got caught on a clover leaf."

In the gallery of the Louvre, before the statue of the "Venus de Milo," Little Boy—"What did they cut her arms off for?" Mother—"Because she put her fingers in the sugar bowl."

Very innocently an Irish newspaper concludes its account of an imposing ceremony: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the Rev. Mr. McFadden."

"When I with a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the reply.

"Is this sweet engaged?" asked a young fellow of a young lady in a car. And he said so loudly and so much with such evident admiration, that she took her bonnet box off of the seat, and let him sit beside her. And—But we anticipate.

Small Boy, (who has been reading the papers).—"Pa, what is the executive, anyhow?" "The Governor is the executive, sonny." "But, pa, what does he execute?" "He hangs the Legislature, my son; now go out and play."—Galveston News.

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered: "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sister-matic."

A gentleman who once called at his rooms in Washington, was told by his young negro servant: "Massa Samner, he gone to de Senate to make him speech." "What speech?" asked the gentleman in surprise. "Why, dat ar speech he's been hollerin out in bed ebery morning dees free weeks."

Worthy Magistrate—"What! a man can be cruel enough to maltreat his lawful wedded wife, and even hurl a plate at her head?" Prisoner—"But, your honor, do you know my wife?" Worthy Magistrate—"I have not that honor." Prisoner—"Then just go slow."

Instructor in Astronomy—"And now young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of planets—the champion planet, so to speak, of our solar system?" Student—"I can, sir. It's Saturn."

Instructor—"And how's that, pray?" Student—"Why, because he carries the belt."

It was a very honest old Dutch judge in Scholharie county, who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel, and then said: "Dis case has been ferriably argued on both sides, and dere have been some ferri nice points of law prought up. I shall take three days to consider these points, but I shall eventually decide for the plaintiff."

A man having fallen into a slough his friend called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a bog, and wishing to procrastinate, inquired: "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles," was the answer. "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No there's not," rejoined the first, "for he's in head first."

The following occurred in Mercer while about sixty United Presbyterian preachers were in session there: Commercial Traveler from Cleveland to Druggist—"Something going on, isn't there?—good many on the street." Druggist—"Oh, yes; the U. P.'s are having some kind of a meeting. Suppose you have 'em in Cleveland, don't you?" C. T. from Cleveland, hesitatingly, but innocently—"Y-e-s, I believe there is a lodge there!"—Sharon Herald.

A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at an inn much frequented by wags and jokers. The guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them at last said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."

Intelligence Items.

The Chilean fleet is still blockading Iquique, Peru.

The saloons in Richmond, Va., are to be closed on Sunday.

It is believed in London that the Zulu war is virtually at an end.

According to an official return, 77 persons died of starvation last year.

It is reported at the Smithsonian Institution that a new planet has been discovered by Prof. Foerster, of Berlin.

Russia proposes establishing and fortifying on the Siberian Coast a maritime station for its fleet in the Pacific Ocean.

Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, which will make the aggregate length of the whole about nine miles.

A Liverpool news-vender was lately sent to prison for fraud in selling papers by hawking sensational news, which they did not contain.

John Hope, convicted of the robbery of the Manhattan Savings Bank of New York, of \$3,000,000 in securities and cash, has been sentenced to State Prison for twenty years.

A Montreal paper says: A young man at present undergoing a sentence of six weeks in jail, two of which only have expired, has fallen heir to \$165,000 by the death of an uncle in San Francisco.

The New Hampshire House of Representatives have passed a bill regulating railway passenger and freight tariffs. It gives the Railroad Commissioners the right to regulate the tariff of any road in the State.

The receiver's office in Cherson, South Russia, was undermined and robbed of a million and a half rubles. The following day the robber was arrested, and one million rubles were found on his person.

The price of gas in London varies from three shillings (less than 75 cents) to three shillings and six pence (less than 87 cents) per 1,000 feet, and yet it is stated that the gas supplied by the London companies is excellent.

The schooner *Golden Gate*, the smallest vessel that ever started for a trip around the world, left Boston lately direct for Cape Town. She is 19 feet long, 2½ feet depth of hold, and 1-7 tons burthen. Her crew consists of Captain Herbert F. Burrill and first officer A. B. Coon, both experienced navigators.

In commenting upon the benefits secured to Louisiana by Mr. George Peabody's munificent gift, the *New Orleans Picayune* says:

This very acceptable pecuniary assistance has benefited 1,661 country scholars this year, nearly one-half of whom are colored. This does not include the two normal schools for white and colored students, which are in a flourishing condition.

Fashion Sprays.

Blue and black ladies' cloth is the favorite fabric for riding habits, and the English style of cutting is preferred. The skirts are made long enough to cover the feet only.

The actress Croizette's gown, ordered for London engagements, is of pink silk covered with pearl embroidery; the train is of violet velvet wrought with silver and gold, velvet and precious stones.

The fashion of wearing sets of rings has been adopted in Paris, and a French bridegroom usually presents his bride with a set of three rings. The engagement ring is a gold gypsy ring set with gems.

Old coins, especially the Greek and Roman copper coins, covered with verigris, and corroded by time, are now seen mounted as scarf-pins, the bright copper green contrasting well with the gold clamps of the setting.

At a costume ball given in London, one of the most admired dresses was that worn by a young lady who arrayed herself as an orphan from the Foundling Hospital, and wore a brown serge dress and white linen pinafore.

Simple-folding tablets are the latest dinner cards, but for special classes emblematic cards are preferred. The bill of fare for an alderman's dinner, was printed on a turtle; for musicians, on a violin; for yachtsmen, on a shell lying on crossed oars.

Children are dressed very picturesquely this season. Their quaint caps and bonnets, their high boots and long stockings, the white lace trimming on their dark frocks, and the touches of bright color on their neutral tinted costumes help to a very artistic effect.

Silver jewelry is much worn by young ladies. Necklaces are made by stringing silver beads of the same size, on a single strand. The bracelets are of heavy twisted cords; earrings to match are of similar designs. Ornaments for the hair are in the shape of palms, ferns and other leaves.

A New York house imports pictures of costumes, and reproduces them for customers, instead of importing the whole suit and selling it after it has been handled by scores of women. Any lady who desires the exclusive possession of a gown, buys the picture, and it is not duplicated for any one else.

The Women of To-day.

Pennsylvania has two lady superintendents of schools.

A twelve-year-old girl plays the cornet in South Church, Pittsfield, Mass. At Bolton, England, an Episcopal church has a woman for church-warden.

There are 450 lady dentists in the United States, and three times as many studying dentistry.

The Unitarian denomination has a permanent committee of ladies at Boston to examine all books intended for use in the Sunday school libraries of that church.

An Association for the Advancement of Women has been organized in Foughkeeps, N. Y. It gives a course of free lectures on science, and all the lecturers are women.

Old foxes want no tutors.

London the Marvel of Cities.

It is next to impossible to describe London in an analytic way. The *London Spectator* says of that great metropolis like this: France is afraid to seat her Parliament in Paris. The United States are averse to seat theirs at Washington. England feels no anxiety about seating hers in London. In spite of a great professionally criminal class, a handful of police effectually keeps order, while the mighty self-acting mechanism by which the 4,000,000 of Londoners are fed, and fed surely, and without even the chance of mishap, is one of the wonders of the world, and one of those which least wonder at. In Rome, you catch Roman fever. In Constantinople you wake up and find that a third of the city has been burned down while you slept. In a single twelve-month and but a few years ago Paris suffered two sieges, famine and civil war. In the great cities of America you hear of vast conspiracies of corruption, which make your hair stand on end; but London, so much bigger than any of them, goes on her own way, not, of course, without great blunders, but still with a certain uniformity of peace and progress. Lord Carnarvon is right. London is a great marvel among cities. And her strength consists not in intensity of social feeling, like Paris, nor in splendor of historic memories, like Rome—but rather in the sagacity which comes of sober, practical energies, and of a sedate and solid but sometimes both slow and frigid judgment.

Nothing Left for By and By.

Parables are less used than formerly to teach moral truth. But they are often well calculated to arrest attention, and make the erring condemn themselves. For instance, this method was here wisely chosen to expose the folly of the young in wasting their time and means, and seeking only amusement.

"I should like very much to hear a story," said a youth to his teacher. "I hate serious instruction; I cannot bear preaching."

"Listen, then," said the teacher: "A wanderer filled his traveling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wild desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling, fertile fields. Instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the traveler, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him."

"He soon reached the desert. After journeying on for a few days, his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass. After suffering two days with hunger and thirst, he expired."

"It was foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the desert."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labor affrights, and you prefer to trifle away the springtime of your years amid useless, childish pleasures. If you act thus, you will when wisdom at virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer."

Keep Your Temper.

Blessed is the man who can keep his temper. Getting angry never got him any good, still mankind seem to be slow in profiting by the fact. Every time a man loses his temper he places himself at a disadvantage with his cooler adversary. As a general thing the hot-tempered man is a conceited egotist, who imagines every person's will must give way to his. In the outside world a man of this kind gets more than he gives. People who are not dependent upon him care little for his high mightiness. Here the results of his evil temper rebound on himself. It is at home that the quick-tempered man looms up in all his grandeur. He can brow-beat his servants and keep his unfortunate family in misery with his tantrums. The recent tragedy at Montclair, New Jersey, is a case in point. A gentleman of high and mighty temper finding himself spoken to in an insolent manner by his coachman, gets into a passion, goes up stairs for a revolver, comes down and shoots the coachman twice. The coachman is now dead, and the so-called gentleman is in prison. Of course the latter "regrets" the matter now that a trial for murder faces him. This is one of the traits of the man who gets angry. He is always sorry afterwards. But he never attempts to check his indulgence in anger next time. The New York papers unite in saying that if this Montclair man had governed his temper the tragedy would not have occurred. They can do neither any good now, but it is to be hoped it will prove a startling lesson to other easily angered men.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a rich field here in the future for the antiquarian, and the fruits of research will out-rival, in art, and beauty and quantity, the treasures discovered by Layard, Cesnola, Smith or Schliemann. Beneath the surface the ruins of Carthage are buried, and when the regency of Tunis comes under European rule (and the time is not far distant) the wonderful art treasures of the old city will be given to the world, and will enrich many a private and public museum for ages to come. The walls which surrounded the city were thirty feet high and thirty miles in extent. The walls on the south side of the city were of triple width, and at regular intervals of 500 feet were towers four stories high, between which were arched walls two stories high, and beneath each stalls for 300 elephants, and 1,000 horses, with their fodder in lots above. The remnants of these enormous towers and arched walls are still visible, and stretch across the plains as far as the eye can see.—*Letter from Tunis*.

As long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, you will find love.

Truth is always present: it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles.

Sebillot's Plan of a Ship Railway Across the Isthmus of Panama.

Francis A. Keiffer, of Paris, a French engineer and the accredited representative of the Syndicate of Parisian bankers and speculators who propose to build a ship railway across the Isthmus of Panama, arrived in New York recently. He said to a *Tribune* reporter that the object of his visit at this time was to interest some American engineers and capitalists in the proposed undertaking, known as the Sebillot system, after the engineer who claims to have originated it. Keiffer said that American approval of Sebillot's project was all that was needed to induce French capitalists to subscribe sufficient money to build the road. Sebillot proposes either to build his ship railway from Aspinwall to Panama, or a ship canal of thirty kilometers to the mountains; then a railway of thirty-three kilometers to another canal of ten kilometers to Panama. Rails are to be laid about twenty-two meters apart, and are to weigh 600 kilograms to the meter. The highest point on the line will be eighty-five meters above tide water, vessels up to steamships of 7,000 tons will be transported over this road in immense docks, supported by wheels twelve inches thick. It is proposed that these docks shall be run under the water to receive the vessel, which will then be securely held in an upright position in them by a system of arms or clamps. Driving-power will be placed in the docks themselves under the bulge of the vessel, and will be applied directly to wheels under the dock. Keiffer claims that these docks will be capable of a speed of fifteen to eighteen kilometers per hour, and that the whole distance from ocean to ocean can be traversed in five hours. The entire cost of construction he estimates at 25,000,000 francs, while the ship canal favored by Lesseps will demand a capital of 1,500,000,000 francs. He also says that the tariff on vessels passing over the railway need not be higher than fifty cents per ton, against \$3 per ton by canal, to yield a fair percentage on the capital, and that while seven years must elapse before the canal can be completed, the railway can be in operation at the end of three years. Keiffer said that permission was granted by the Columbian government to Sebillot in 1873 to construct such a ship railway across the Isthmus.

American Women.

A few years ago, an eminent student of vital statistics concluded that, without a change—of which he saw no prospect—the distinctive New England race would die out within a century. The trouble, as he saw it, was that, from a variety of causes, the nervous system of our females was so drawn on, at the expense of the muscular, that healthy vitality was lost.

But there are immense recuperative resources in human nature. A reaction against tendencies, which, if left unchecked, would work ruin, is pretty sure to come, sooner or later.

In a late number of the *Congregationalist*, Dr. George W. Beard asserts that the wiser notions now prevailing in regard to diet, exercise, sleep, rest, and the management of schools and households, are telling favorably on the health of women.

He says, "A hundred women of today weigh more than the same number in the same class half a century ago. They are less angular, more rotund, more cheerful and hopeful in expression. It is clear that they eat better food, and digest it easier; their dress, with all its errors, is in closer relation to hygienic law, and is yearly improving."

He adds, in closing, "The American woman needs but to go on as she has begun to become in time one of the strongest, as she is already one of the most beautiful of her sex."

Significant, in this connection, is the formation, at Washington, of a Woman's National Health Association, which already has a large number of members, and contemplates the general establishment of auxiliary societies.

FRUIT SYRUPS.—A new industry in the United States is the production of fruit syrups. Its success has brought these syrups into competition with the French manufactures, which have hitherto had the markets of the world. As they are better, they are preferred in the United States, and also in the West Indies and South America. The strawberry, raspberry, and other fruits of this country are not only indigenous to the soil, and therefore can be produced cheaper, but they possess a far richer flavor and are more juicy, giving them an advantage over the fruits which have to be cultivated by extraordinary efforts in countries to which they do not naturally belong. The trade of syrups in this hemisphere has hitherto amounted to millions of dollars, which amount has not only gone out of this country to foreign nations, but has also been taken away from the trade of the United States with those countries which, by their near proximity, would be supposed to have preferred commercial relations with North America rather than any other part of the world. The success of the experiment bids fair to bring to the United States a large trade, besides driving out of our markets another of those foreign products the control of the sale of which has hitherto been held abroad.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—This makes a very nice addition to the tea-table, or can be used as a dessert. Take one quart of sifted flour, stir very thoroughly into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; then one teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be well mixed into it, a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, about a coffee-cupful of water. It is best mixed with a knife, cutting it through and through, and if possible do not put your hands into it except in rolling it out. The mass should be as moist as you can well manage. Roll it smoothly out, making two round cakes of about half an inch in thickness. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cake open; put the slices in a large dish; butter them; cover each slice with berries and sugar; finally making the berries the top layer. Pour cream over all.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.,

—BY—

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., AUG. 9, 1879



REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HUGH J. GLENN.....of Colusa
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
LEVI CHASE.....of San Diego
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
W. J. TINNIN.....of Trinity
FOR CONTROLLER,
W. B. C. BROWN.....of Sacramento
FOR TREASURER,
G. T. PAULI.....of Sonoma
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
JO. HAMILTON.....of Placer
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,
WM. MINIS.....of Yolo
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
D. B. WOOLF.....of San Francisco
FOR SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
HENRY C. GESFORD.....of Napa
FOR CHIEF JUSTICE,
R. F. MORRISON.....of San Francisco
FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES,
E. W. MCKINSTRY.....of San Francisco
J. D. THORNTON.....of San Francisco
T. P. STONEY.....of Napa
THOS. B. BEARDAN.....of Nevada
E. M. ROSS.....of Los Angeles
S. B. MCKEE.....of Alameda
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
1st Dist.-G. J. CARPENTER.....of Eldorado
FOR BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,
3d Dist. C. E. WILCOXSON.....of Sutter
MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
2d Dist. C. P. BERRY.....of Sutter.

COUNTY TICKET.

Superior Judge.....E. R. BUSH.
Joint Senator.....J. H. HARLAN.
Member of Assembly.....D. N. HERSHEY.
Sheriff.....JNO. D. LAWSON.
Clerk.....H. B. PENDEGAST.
Recorder.....J. O. MAXWELL.
Treasurer.....A. C. KEAN.
Assessor.....FRED. KLAIS.
District Attorney.....W. H. GRANT.
Superintendent of Schools.....JNO. W. GOIN.
Surveyor.....L. P. EVERETT.
Public Administrator.....S. L. MONDAY.
Coroner.....P. KRELLENBERG.
TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.
Justice of the Peace.....E. PETERSON.
Constable.....S. MONTGOMERY.

WONT HAVE IT.

The Mail says the fact that the three Railroad Commissioners will have entire control of railroad matters, "merely warns the people to be sure and choose able and honest men for Commissioners, nothing more," and that "to argue the railroad question over again is a patent absurdity." This is one of the brightest ideas that has ever been circulated by that dazzling sheet. Because we are to elect three men this year, who will have the control of this great question, we must not discuss it. As the Commission will have the solving of the great problem of freights and fares, extortion and discrimination, the people must keep their mouths shut and not argue the question at all. The next thing we expect to hear from the Mail is that as Congress will have the settlement of a great many national issues during its next term, we must not broach any such issues in our Congressional fight this year. If the Republican party could have its way, this would be a silent campaign, and the people would be kept in the dark as to the real issues. But free speech and a free press are yet things of the present, and so long as the railroad question is a live issue it will be discussed, though every argument on the side of the people is a nail in the Republican coffin.

THE SENATOR.

J. H. Harlan, our candidate for Joint Senator is stirring around among the people, and is finding that his race is an easy one. Yolo county is good for about 500 majority for him, and it is said by men who are posted that he will receive a majority in Solano. There is a feeling among the citizens of this county that Yolo is entitled to the Senator this time as the former Senator Hon. John Lambert, was legislated out of office when his term was but half out. One thing is certain, the people could not find a more honest man to vote for than J. H. Harlan if they should search the county over.

Butte county, the former home of Pimfore Perkins, where he made his raise, and where the people almost worship him, will give an overwhelming majority for Glenn. This is conceded by some of the strongest Republicans of that county.

What They are Fighting For.

Every intelligent man in the United States knows to-day exactly what the Democratic party and the Republican part are contending for. The former are fighting against Federal consolidation; the latter are fighting for it. The former are contending for the rights of the States under the Constitution; the latter are contending for the virtual obliteration of the States as political and civil entities, leaving them as mere geographical expressions. The former are contending for free elections under civil authority; according to the laws of the several States; the latter claim that the Federal Government may interfere with local elections, and use the army of the nation at its discretion to overawe citizens at the poll. The former insists that there shall be no Federal authorities to arrest citizens by the thousand in the act of voting before they have cast a ballot, and throwing them into cages like malefactors or wild beasts on arbitrary warrants sworn out by Federal supervisors without proper information. The former declare that juries should be fairly drawn from the respectable and intelligent property-holders classes of the community, the latter insist that they may be packed from the ignorant and vicious classes, to acquit or convict as corrupt officials may determine. The former maintain the great principles of civil liberty and equal rights on which our institutions are based; the latter contend for abuses and perversions which threatened the existence of popular freedom itself. The debates and actions of the extra session have uncovered the issues of our politics, and have placed the two parties before the country in their true light and real character. And this in itself is a sufficient justification of the session.—*Vallejo Times.*

The Treasure of the Brother Jonathan.

On the afternoon of Sunday, June 30th, 1865, the steamship Brother Jonathan, while on her way from this port to Portland, Oregon, struck a rock off Point St. George, three miles north of Crescent City, and sunk almost immediately. There were on board 188 souls, of whom only seventeen were saved. Among the passengers lost were General George Wright, U. S. A., Governor Henry, of Washington Territory, and James Nisbet, of the *Evening Bulletin*. Few marine disasters have occurred upon this coast more destructive of human life or which carried gloom to a greater number of San Francisco households. The Brother Jonathan had in her safe at time she sunk, \$540,000 in U. S. Treasury notes and \$500,000 in bullion. The currency was intended for the payment of troops in the Northern Department, and had been shipped direct from the Treasury Department in Washington, via the Isthmus, to this city, and hence transferred to the Brother Jonathan. It was packed in water-tight rubber bags, and these were again packed in tin cases and hermetically sealed and deposited in the steamer's safe. There have been several attempts made to locate the wreck, with the hope of being able to recover the treasure, but heretofore without success. Last week, however, W. C. Wood, of this city, and Captain R. Hillyard of Crescent City, making diligent search in the neighborhood of where they hoped to find it, succeeded in discovering the wreck one hundred yards from the rock where she struck—the rock bearing S. S. E.—in twenty-two fathoms of water. Mr. Wood immediately returned to this city, arriving by the Los Angeles Saturday evening, and made his discovery known to several parties in whose behalf he had undertaken the search. They immediately decided to fit out an expedition and endeavor to recover the contents of the ship's safe. Mr. Wood is the owner of a schooner and diving apparatus, and as soon as the vessel is provisioned and fitted she will sail for the wreck. As the ten years within which the Government could claim a moiety to any treasure recovered has expired, the wreckers will be entitled to all they may bring to the surface. The parties engaged in the enterprise are John Malloy, John E. Miles, W. C. Wood and John Vogel.—*Call 5th inst.*

All the stake races but one for the State Fair have filled with not less than three horses in any race, and as high as sixteen in some. The purse entries are not yet due. The programme shows it to be the finest ever filled in the history of the State.

A LETTER FROM GEORGIA.

ATHENS, Georgia, Aug. 1st, 1879.
MR. EDITOR:—"Home again!" How the heart beats, and how the blood leaps at the mere sound of the word "home." Only those know who have been, like myself, a self-willed exile. But the fruition of joy is found when the exile meets mother, father, sisters and brothers, with loving friends who carry him again over the scenes which made his boyhood's days so happy and instilled into his being a pure and patriotic love of country. Memory seems to dance to the music of the heart as it recalls each beautiful scene while the mind drinks in the pleasure until more philosophical thoughts bear him gradually back to the practical duties of life. Such, in brief, were the thoughts of your former fellow citizen after his safe arrival here at home, and the kind greetings of relatives and friends. But for all that, there is a place in my heart for the friends I have left in beautiful Woodland, and on the Pacific Slope, which will ever be kept fresh and green because the key that unlocked the Golden Gate was love and kindness.

Permit me, then, through your columns, to tell your people something about this grand old Empire State of the South, that is undoubtedly the most flourishing of all the Southern States. Its history since the late disastrous civil war would fill the pages of several books. The story of her wrongs, if properly understood by the people of all the States, would be sufficient to stir a fever of liberty in the breasts of all. When the State was throttled by the military power of the National Government by direction of the Government itself, then a blow was aimed, not specially at the State of Georgia, but at liberty, the birthright of every American citizen, and the acquired right of all who seek America as a home. Then a precedent was established that the Government could throttle any State with the strong arm of military power. Can California acquiesce in the establishment of this precedent? Can the other States of the Union afford to sustain this precedent, and keep in power a party so false to the principles which underlie our free institutions? We think not; we hope not. But if so, then any party that may be in power will have the right to strangle any State that may chance to differ with them.

Carpet-bag rule in the State of Georgia produced almost financial ruin. Millions of indebtedness were piled up both for the State and municipal governments. Ignorance ruled; and disorder, and I might say anarchy prevailed. The people finally organized against the ruin starting them in the face, only to find in the train of evils a complete loss of credit abroad. But they were organized to meet every emergency, and through that organization, thank God, they have been enabled to bring order out of chaos. They have largely reduced the floating debt; they have reduced the rate of taxation one-third; public expenditures of every kind have been reduced; the credit of the State has so increased that now New York banks offer her all the money she wants at a low rate of interest, while profound peace and good order prevail throughout the State, and the people are prosperous, happy and contented.

These are some of the blessings that Democratic rule and Democratic organization have brought to this grand old State. We dare hope and believe that there is not a man, woman or child on the Pacific Slope but would have sympathized with these their fellow citizens in their day of humiliation, and who will now rejoice with them in their redemption from scalawag and carpet-bag rule. The people of Georgia feel that they have made a fight not alone for themselves, but for all the people of the United States. A fight against military interference; a fight against public extravagance; and a fight for peace and good order. These should certainly meet the approval of all the people of this great country, and they feel now that the victory would be completed for the people of all the States by a great Democratic success in 1880.

But there is one great danger that the people of Georgia fear will weaken their efforts to assist their sister States from the shackles of the centralists. This is the Independent party. Will the Democrats who control the Independent movement control the colored people, or will the colored people control a large body of the working people

along with their leaders? This is the unsolved problem. Speer, of this, the 9th district, Felton of the 7th, and Parsons of the 4th, are all Independent leaders of fine ability, graduates, I believe; of the State University here at Athens. Failure to control the element they have aroused will result disastrously to their political future. History teaches that when once this element tastes the sweets of power they will not down at the bidding of any one. If Democratic organization was playing for the stake of constitutional liberty, and the result so far had been (as it evidently was), increased security to all the citizens of the State, then it were better if the Independent movement had never been started in Georgia. The price of liberty is unceasing vigilance, and in no better way can unceasing vigilance be obtained than by organization—thorough and complete organization.

I will try to give you a more thorough insight into matters and things when I have mixed more with the people: O'F.

THOS. ROSS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church, WOODLAND, CAL.

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I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Printing. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

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JOINT SENATOR,
YOLO AND SOLANO COUNTIES.

A. C. KEAN.

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TREASURER,
YOLO COUNTY.

CHAS. G. DAY.

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FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

R. W. MEGOWAN.

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COUNTY RECORDER,
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Democratic Candidate for
SHERIFF,
YOLO COUNTY.

JOHN W. GOIN.

Democratic Candidate for
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS,
YOLO COUNTY.

HUDSON GRANT.

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DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
YOLO COUNTY.

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Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

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Six Months,.....\$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 25 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
One Year—In advance \$2.00
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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

For a short time at King's, card photos at \$1.50 per dozen.

New Constitution Cigars at St. Louis Variety Store. The best in Woodland.

The Daily Republican overdid itself on the start, and as a consequence it is getting weak.

Mrs. Kuhn, wife of Herman Kuhn, tin-smith, died on Thursday night last, of consumption, after a lingering illness.

We publish this week an interesting letter from Maj. O'Farrell, our former townsman, who now resides at Athens, Georgia.

The most popular cigar is the "Bumblebee" and the best brand of tobacco is the "Gravely," to be had at Elston's Drug Store.

The school in Fillmore district, 5 miles southwest of Woodland, will open on Monday, 18th inst., with Miss Tillie Brown as teacher.

The Mail says it is "the only paper in Yolo county printed entirely at home." How about the Daily Republican? Don't you call that a paper?

The Republican candidates are stumping the county, in the hopes of reviving the drooping spirits of members of their party. They speak at Davisville to-night.

The College and Public Schools will open on Monday, 18th inst. The primary department of the public school will be located in one of the rooms under Washington Hall.

At the great New Party demonstration in Woodland on Wednesday night, there were something less than 50 voters in line in the torchlight procession. 47 was the exact number.

There is nothing so refreshing as those ice-cold drinks from the Arctic Soda Fountain at Elston's Drug Store.

There has been some talk of building a theatre on the lot, corner of Main and First streets, now occupied by a lot of small wooden buildings. Such an investment would be a paying one.

Dr. Geo. H. Jackson has sold his house and lot on Second street and removed his residence to the newly built rooms over Whittemore & Higginson's drug store, where his office is also situated.

It was very evident from Gorham's speech on Wednesday night that he is not a Democrat, and the members of that party felt much relieved when they were sure he was not trying to get into their camp.

The Democrat says the fight for Sheriff is between Lawson and Rahm. We think not. It is between Lawson and Barney, with the chances of Lawson winning by about 100 majority. He is by far the most competent man for the place.

W. B. C. Brown, present State Controller, and candidate on the Democratic ticket for re-election, will address the citizens of Woodland on Monday evening next. All who want to hear the issues of the day ably discussed should be present.

CAPAY RAILROAD.—We learn that D. Levy, Capay, has the strictest Cash Store in Yolo county. You can save from 25 to 50 per cent in buying your goods from him.

Brass bands and bonfires will be numerous next week. On Monday evening, W. B. C. Brown will speak in behalf of the Democracy; on Tuesday Ex-Senator Cole, for the N. C. P., and on Friday, Perkins and Booth, and an excursion from Sacramento.

If the taxpayers of Yolo county look to their interest on Sept. 3d, they will see that Hudson Grant's name is on their ticket when they place it in the ballot box. A fully competent man is what we want in the District Attorney's office, and Hudson is in the lead on that score.

For the benefit of the "Horribles" we will state that there were \$226.30 raised for the celebration on the Fourth, of which \$198.10 were expended, leaving \$28.20 in the treasury. This has been deposited in the Bank to the credit of the order, and will be a nest-egg for another Fourth.

A man that has affiliated with the Fox-tail party since its organization told us the other day that he would vote the State ticket straight on Sept. 3d, but the county portion of the ticket was composed of such inferior material, as compared with the Democratic ticket, that he would scratch the larger portion of it.

The Great Register will be placed in the hands of the printer on Saturday morning next, and all Democrats whose names are not already enrolled, should see to it that they are placed there by next Friday. It is the last day, and negligence may prevent many from casting a vote on the 3d of September.

If there is any firm in Woodland that is in the habit of sending to San Francisco to get such things as Bill Head, Letter Heads, Cards, Statements, Receipts, or any thing of that description printed because they can get them cheap, we would ask them to call at the STANDARD office, and examine specimens and prices, and be convinced that we can save money for them.

The County Musical Convention which it is proposed to hold in Woodland this Fall, during the meeting of the Teacher's Institute, will be one of the finest musical treats ever enjoyed in Woodland. It is proposed to have delegations present from every town in the county, and some of them are already organizing. The music has been sent for, and when it arrives the drilling will commence.

Personals.

Dr. L. B. Holmes and family have gone on a camping trip to the Sierra Nevada.

Wirt Nelson left for Berkeley this week to resume his studies at the State University.

Adam Steiner and family will leave next week for the mountains of Lake county.

Wm. Earll, the leading merchant and grain buyer at Dunnigan, was in Woodland yesterday.

Col. J. C. Ball, has gone to Trinity county for the benefit of his health. He will be absent about two weeks.

Miss Susie Lasley, music teacher in Heperian College, has returned from San Francisco, where she has been spending a few months.

Jno. D. Stephens, Jos. Craig and H. Fredricks, returned from Big Meadows last Saturday. During the trip, Craig killed 14 bears at one shot, or one bear with 14 shots—we forget which.

J. M. Dudley, Republican candidate for State Senator for Yolo and Solano counties was in town this week, looking for supporters. He found very few. They are all Harlan men up this way.

Remember it's only for a short time that King offers reduced rates.

The leaders of the New Constitution Party—the chips from the solid block of granite of the two old national parties, chipped off during the process of repairing and further perfecting their political structure. Useless rubbish.

CONCERT.—On Wednesday evening, 20th inst., a concert will be given at Washington Hall, for the benefit of Lake Andrews, the blind boy. Judging from the talent that has already volunteered, the entertainment will be first-class, and as it is for a worthy object, there should be a full house. We will publish the programme next week.

The card of Elias Peterson appears in our columns to-day. Mr. Peterson is the candidate for Justice of the Peace of this township on the Democratic ticket. He has filled the office with ability before, and will do the same again, if elected, which he expects to be.

For a short time at King's, Cabinet Photos, at \$3.50 per dozen.

The fight for the office of Sheriff waxes warm. Jno. D. Lawson is hard at work making an honest, open, manly fight. He is the best fitted for the office of any man running, he is a sound Democrat, and he ought to be elected. Unless things are showing themselves in a false light this year, he will be.

Jno. W. Goin, our candidate for Superintendent of Schools, is getting over the county and letting the people get acquainted with him. Mr. Goin holds an Educational Diploma, which entitles him to teach in any first-grade school in the State. His opponent on the Fox-tail ticket will not be competent to sit on the Board of Examination if elected, as he does not hold a first-grade certificate. Mr. Goin will be the next Superintendent, however.

King has his last fit on now—going out of the gallery business.

From all over the county we hear that Bruce Pendegast, candidate for Clerk is ahead. It would be hard to find a more popular man than he in this vicinity, and he is deserving of any office within the gifts of the people of Yolo county. As Clerk he would be a credit to the county, and there are a great many of his friends who think he will be placed in that position by a majority over both his opponents. So note it.

In the fight for most of the county offices it has been narrowed down to a fight between some two of the three candidates. The fight for the Treasurership is an exception to this rule. There is but one man in the race, and that is the Democratic nominee, A. C. Kean. His majority is generally estimated at from 400 to 500, and no guesses at less than 350. He has served the county of Yolo too long and too faithfully for the people to say now that they do not want his services any further.

Pure Kentucky Whiskies and Peach Brandy for medicinal purposes at Elston's Drug Store.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and property of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be section by twenty-six inches in size.

Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

DE PUE & CO., Publishers.

Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

The Third Congressional District is composed of the counties of Butte, Colusa, Del Norte, Humboldt, Lake, Lassen, Marin, Mendocino, Modoc, Napa, Plumas, Sierra, Siskiyou, Shasta, Solano, Sonoma, Sutter, Tehama, Trinity, Yolo and Yuba.

Winters items.

The Wiggins Ranch, so noted for its early fruits and vegetables, has been purchased by Mr. Jno. Abbey. We are all much pleased at the idea of having our old pioneer citizen remain with us.

The weather this week is an improvement on that of last week, but still the mercury rose over 100 degrees several times.

There is a lull in the wheat market, and it has caused a subsidence in business.

De Pue & Co., publishers of the History of Yolo county, are doing a flourishing business in this part of the county. From their agents we learn that no pains will be spared to make it a full and perfect history of the past and present.

Many of our ranchers have taken their families and gone to the mountains in search of game and cool weather. They all agree that there is no use in looking elsewhere for health.

Mr. Jno. W. Goin, Democratic candidate for County School Superintendent was in town last Thursday, and made a very favorable impression on our people. He will not only get all the votes of his own party here, but a large vote in the other parties.

Solano county is supplying herself with firewood from our side of the creek. Judging from the number of wagons passing through town daily, the demand is large.

Melons are still shipped from this point in large quantities.

Revs. J. C. Culton of the Presbyterian Church and Duke of the Methodist Church, preached to full houses last Sunday.

A large delegation of the N. C. P., went to Woodland on Wednesday last to here Gorham.

The Chronicle's idea, which the new party were so quick to adopt, that no man ought to hold office in this State during the next term of the different offices unless he supported the new law, is about the craziest of all the crazy ideas originating with the live paper. It is an idea that is not backed by reason, logic, or anything else. Especially does this idea look silly to us when it is applied to the county officers. For a party to claim that it contains all the honest in the State is simply absurd, and nothing but egotism, ignorance and blind prejudice would set up such a claim. The rank and file of the new party do not all follow this doctrine, as the scratched tickets will show on election day. It is only the leaders, who, in their search for a platform of principles, were willing to grasp anything that presented itself in the shape of a new idea, and cling to it.

There are three nominees for Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State; that is, there are three who are of any importance. The Republican candidate, although an able man, has long been a drunkard, and it is not advisable to put the Superintendency in his hands. The candidate on the new Constitution ticket has had too close relationship with the fraudulent procuring of teachers' certificates in San Francisco, and also with the text book swindles. The Democratic nominee, H. C. Gesford, is a man whose character is above reproach, and his ability all who know him can testify to. If you are looking for the best man, vote for Henry C. Gesford.

We would like to call the attention of all Democrats, and those who profess to have been Democrats, to the candidates on our State ticket who are up for re-election. Anyone who will take the trouble to examine the record will find that the present State Administration is the best the State ever had. Without exception, the present officers have conducted their offices more economically, and in better shape than any of their predecessors. Those re-nominated deserve re-election, and all voters, regardless of party, who desire honest and economical officers in the State House, should help to continue good men in office by casting their ballots for them.

There was one man found the other day, north of Cacheville, who was not going to vote for Uncle Davy for the Assembly. As he was the only man on that side of the creek who was going to commit such an act, he felt lonesome and moved south, and now the northern portion of the county is solid.

Subscribe for the STANDARD.

The colored brethren, the Springfield Republican asserts, claim to hold the balance of power in Ohio, commanding, as they say, 20,000 votes. But, although they have always voted with the Republican party and pay taxes on \$15,000,000 of property, complaint is made that they get none of the offices. Some of the colored leaders have improved the pending campaign to call the attention of the negro voters to this neglect and they suggest that now is a good time to make the power of their ballots secure them their share of standing-room at the public crib.

The negro Williams has been on trial this week at Wheatland, charged with committing the murderous assault on Ida Dunn and Cora Heslep. The evidence failed to connect him in any way with the crime, and he was discharged.

On Wednesday last, a convict in San Quentin named John McGuire, killed a fellow convict by the name of Andrews, by cutting his throat with a shoe knife.

The Republicans claim that Gorham was either dishonest in his former professions, or he is dishonest now. How will the same statement apply to Senator Booth?

Perkins' record in the California State Senate shows that he was a pro-Coolie man during the time he was there, and it is safe to conclude that he is now.

The election in Kentucky resulted in the election of Blackburn by the usual 50,000 Democratic majority.

The yellow fever is increasing in Memphis, and the deaths are numerous.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF YOLO COUNTY, in the matter of the petition of FRED. PRESTON, an Insolvent Debtor.
Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent FRED. PRESTON, to be and appear before the Honorable E. R. Bush, aforesaid, in open Court at the Court room of said Court in the town of Woodland, County of Yolo, on the 6th day of September, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.
Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 28th day of July, 1879.
D. M. BURNS, Clerk.
By IONACIO BROWN, Deputy Clerk.
Holl & O'Brien, Attys for Petitioner.

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H. H. LINNELL & C.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

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Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
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Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a Well Selected Stock of HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

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H. H. LINNELL & CO.
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SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

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JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC LEOD.

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Main Street, Winters.

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WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

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A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,
Grain Bags,
Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected stock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sell

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

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GOOD FITS GUARANTEED,

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

mar15 Main Street,.....Woodland.

Mazatlan.
Upon the esplanade
I see the troops parade;
I hear the bands within the Cuartel play;
The boom of guns again,
The clash of arms again,
And trumpet-blasts sound down the setting day.

I hear in accents high
The night "Serenade" cry
Proclaim the passing hours; the Virgin blest;
While sentinels resound
The long "Alerta" round
The outward posts with melancholy stress.

I hear the night-guards tread—
The sob of leaves overhead,
As palms beneath I watch the star-lights march.
Like hosts phosphoric through
The mazes of ether blue,
While full-orbed Luna gems the middle arch.

And from the level shore
The breakers muffled roar,
And rumbling far Darango echoes deep
His thunderous voice, as cloud
His mount's terrible shroud,
And lightning-fires along their summits leap.

Sublimed by all around,
I dream in sadness bound,
And seem to view the ghosts of those who fell
In battle's charging line,
When at the rocket's sign
They rushed to death, amid the crash of shell.

Yes, seem to muster still
As blows the trumpet, until
Their viasges I scan, and friends recall;
Yet shadows are they—dead,
As dreams of glory fled,
Or loves entombed beneath neglect's pall.
—Hector A. Stuart.

Isiqueena: a Romance of the Blue Ridge.

By NETTIE LOVELESS KIERULFF.

On the western side of Tunnel Hill are the romantic and picturesque Isiqueena Falls. The descent is about sixty feet, though not a perpendicular fall; many crags and jutting stones intercept the silver flood, and send it whirling off in a cloud-like spray.

In 17—, Scott, a scout from Fort Ninety-Six, tempted by the brilliancy of the autumn woods and the grandeur of the mountain scenery, extended his reconnaissance heedlessly within the limits of the Indian hunting-grounds. He had reached the summit of Tunnel Hill, and was gazing northward at the blue and mystic grandeur of White Side, Bains, Glade and Drop-Nose mountains, and at the long chain of lofty hills that formed the horizon far away in the hazy distance.

Fascinated by the scene, Scott had wandered forth, leaving his horse and rifle some distance in the vale below. Feeling the electrical presence of a human being, he turned suddenly, and encountered the calm gaze of an Indian athlete, evidently, from his costume, a chief. He was leaning on Scott's rifle, which he had found and taken in charge; he held also in his hand a long-bow, and a quiver, well-filled with arrows, was thrust across his shoulders.

"The pale face is sometimes bold," he said, in broken English; "I could have painted an arrow with your heart's blood ten minutes ago."

"And, ere this, had my scalp-lock swinging from your belt," the scout answered, quietly.

"My belt is without scalping-knife, my face without war-paint to-day, pale face, for this is my Isiqueena's Sabbath, and she tells me the Great Spirit will curse the hand that is lifted to shed blood on the holy day. But to-morrow—to-morrow the Great Spirit will smile on the deeds of the brave."

Unarmed, as he was, Scott thought resistance unwise, and hence, suffered himself to be made captive, hoping that some opportunity of escape would present itself.

They descended the mountain together. The sunlight was entirely shut out from the valley, and the murmur of falling water alone broke the solemn stillness.

Clustered closely together between the lofty hills, in a lovely vale gray with autumn flowers, were the wigwams of the Indian village. The squaws and braves, scattered promiscuously about, presented a striking picture of indolence and contentment as the chief and his stalwart captive passed through the groups and approached a wigwam set apart from the rest.

At the entrance, seated on a pile of furs, was an Indian maiden of unusual beauty and brilliancy of expression. A short, richly embroidered blue skirt, with a crimson gown, composed her toilet, while pretty and unique jewels adorned her shapely neck and arms.

An expression of surprise and sorrow flashed over her face as her father, the chief, and Scott, passed before her. She arose instantly, and began conversing with her father in a very animated manner, seemingly in reference to the scout, for occasionally she waved her brown but perfectly-moulded hand toward him. Finally, with a queenly step, she walked away through the autumn woods.

"My Isiqueena has been asking for the life of the pale face," the chief said, in English, "and if Bear's Heart returns unharmed, I have promised to grant her wish."

Several weeks passed and found Scott still a captive, though he had ceased to mourn his captivity. He had learned to love ardently the graceful and gracious Indian maiden, the brown and shapely Isiqueena. They had been much together, and the flashing dark eyes of the guileless princess told how truly his love was returned.

They were sitting together on the mountain side, late one afternoon, happy in being alone, when suddenly the fearful war-cry pierced the still air, and reverberated among the eternal hills.

Isiqueena bounded to her feet. "Unless you conceal yourself your murder is inevitable!" she said, in a quick, frightened way. "I dare not accompany you! Go at once to the waterfall and hide beneath the jutting rocks, behind the flood. At the first opportune moment I will come and conduct you beyond the limits of our hunting-grounds. Trust me, and all will be well."

She sprang fearlessly down the steep declivity, and Scott hastened to conform to her well-concerted plans.

Bear's Heart, the young chief, had been captured by the whites and shot at the fort, and the heretofore almost peaceful tribe became revengeful and blood-thirsty.

The old chief was enraged at Scott's escape, and suspecting that Isiqueena had him concealed, set a secret but close watch over her movements.

The evening of the second day after parting from her lover, believing herself unnoticed, she quietly left the village, ascended Tunnel Hill, and proceeded hastily westward. Her heart was full of anxiety, and at a faint sound she looked back and saw one of the fleetest warriors of the tribe, some distance off, creeping stealthily after her.

She was watched! Her lover might have been discovered! Quickly she sprang forward and away.

Her pursuer was misled and baffled. Some hours later, as the moonlight was weaving grotesque shadows beneath the forest trees, Isiqueena, who had conducted Scott to a place of safety from which he could gain the fort, was saying farewell.

"I thank you, beloved Isiqueena," he said, kneeling reverently before the Indian maiden. "O come to my heart—go with me! As my bride I am sure you would be happy, and I could have no greater joy than to be with you always. Come to the heart of the pale face, my heroic darling!"

"Not now, Scott, not now; but oh! my heart is sorry! The Great Spirit knows my heart is sorry. Will you come again, Scott? I cannot live unless you promise me you will come again! I will remain here and watch for your coming."

By the Great Spirit we both worship, my Isiqueena, I swear I will come again!"

Time passed. Hostilities between the Indians and whites grew fiercer and bloody in the extreme, and finally the vanquished chiefs collected their scattered followers, and in a sad and desolated land wended their way to the territory allotted them in the far distant West.

Scott remained true to Isiqueena for a year, and then married the fair and beautiful Rachel Walton. On a tour among the Blue Ridge mountains, several years after the Indians had been driven from their hunting-grounds, Scott led his wife to the beautiful waterfall on the western side of Tunnel Hill. The wild, romantic scenery aroused a sleeping memory, and his soul was agitated while he lived over again the lovely autumn days in the long ago, when he and a brown and shapely maiden lingered so fondly together in hearing of the musical murmur of this rushing flood.

Scott and the fair Rachel, his bride, stood quietly at the head of the falls, gazing down into the chasm below. Suddenly he turned around, as if instinctively, and beheld, like a beautiful vision of the past, Isiqueena, coming with stately step from among the forest trees. A rich and picturesque costume adorned her noble form, which seemed the embodiment of all that was grand and majestic. Her eyes, glorious, brilliant, dark eyes, seemed almost to scintillate; otherwise her expression was calm, proud, fixed.

"Ah! Scott," she said, in a distinct but tremulous tone, "for long years have I waited for you, relying on your solemn promise; and as each autumn wind sent the withered leaves drifting in showers about my lonely wigwam, I have whispered to my desolate heart: 'He will come!' From the mountain top you can gaze far westward and read the destiny of my race in the setting sun. Your Isiqueena, who ought to have been happy in sharing the oppressions of her people, forsook them, and lingered here amid the haunts of her childhood, now silent and desolate, believing in your promise, and hoping to become the bride of a pale face! Instead, I see beside you another, a fair and beautiful bride. Hush, Scott, I do not wish to hear you speak; I wish to remember in the beyond only the voice of Scott, my lover, who said solemnly in the night and in the stillness: 'By the Great Spirit we both worship, my Isiqueena, I swear I will come again! Ah! Scott, farewell! The Great Spirit will care for this tempest-tossed soul and give it rest; and when we meet in the mystic beyond I hope you will find my spirit as white as the fair maiden you call your bride!'"

She paused a moment on the giddy height just above the falls, and as Scott became apprised of her intention and sprang forward to save her, a sad, sweet smile played about her mouth; she waved him adieu, drew up her splendid form, and making a graceful spring forward, the beautiful, heart-broken Isiqueena descended with the silver flood and dashing spray.

The Great Spirit was merciful. She lay fearfully still at the foot of the fall, while the white spray fell softly, like a bridal veil, about her form.—*Waverly Magazine.*

A universal catalogue of printed books is talked of. It will be a stupendous undertaking, but a considerable part of it is already accomplished in the manuscript catalogue of books in the British Museum from 1450 to 1878, which represents about 1,250,000 volumes and contains between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 entries. It is estimated that it will take two years to prepare this for the printer and five years to print it, and that if completed and printed as a Parliamentary paper, it would occupy 45,000 pages, each containing 55 entries, and cost about \$200 to each of a thousand buyers.

At Moosehead Lake formerly it was not the thing for a woman to fish, but now husband and wife each have their own canoe and guide, and go off alone for the day's sport. Often when the house has nearly two hundred guests there will not be more than half a dozen persons at the dinner table; but if you could visit a hundred different nooks about the lake you would find them eating luncheon and trying trout and attempting to board themselves after the best out-door style.

Skilled Labor.

American agriculture is undergoing a rapid change. The capital invested in it is increasing more rapidly than in any other industry. The cheap lands with poor dwellings, occupied by the pioneers, have become well-tilled farms with buildings costing three times as much as the original value of the land. The sickle, scythe and cradle have given place to the mower and reaper. Most farm operations are done by machinery which requires some mechanical skill to manage. The evident tendency is to work larger farms, the operations of which the owner can only superintend, the labor being almost wholly hired. It costs less, in proportion, to work two hundred than one hundred acres, and still less as the farm grows larger, provided the labor is skillfully directed. And the more machinery is substituted for hand labor, the stronger will be this tendency to absorb the smaller into larger farms. This has been the result in Great Britain, and it is not likely to be avoided in the United States. We believe it would be better for the individual independence of the farmers if the small holdings might continue instead of their being aggregated together, and the present proprietors, more or less, becoming laborers. This result cannot be avoided, except by co-operation in the purchase of machinery to work small farms, a plan for which we may soon point out in another article.

But this change is strongly demanding the substitution of skilled labor on the farm for the very unskilled labor at present employed. One of the greatest impediments to successfully carrying on farming on a large scale, is the fact that there are no skilled laborers in the market. Farming has been carried on, in this country, so much at haphazard, and with so little order and system, that a laborer, when he can find nothing else to do or succeeds in nothing else, offers his services to the farmers.

On the farm he regards success as certain. The consequence is that the laborers are entirely unskilled in the parts they are performing, and unless directed by unusual activity and knowledge, the work must be badly done. It requires skill everywhere in farming—skill to lay out a field for the plow, to turn a fine, straight furrow, to put it in fine tilth for the seed, to sow the seed accurately; skill in cutting and curing grass, in harvesting grain; still greater skill in raising and feeding animals; skill in slaughtering and managing cows; skill in all the operations of the dairy. Indeed, what operation in agriculture does not require skill? And yet a large part of all these operations is carried on by laborers new to the business, and who perform them in the clumsy way of novices, at wages which in Europe are only paid to skilled mechanics. Perhaps this explains why the farmers' profits are all gone, when he hires the laborer to carry on his farm.

The manufacturer never carries on business with such unskilled labor. His workmen have served a regular apprenticeship at the various branches of his manufacture, and he can estimate with a reasonable certainty the profit upon each workman. The English farmer stands on as favorable ground as the manufacturer, having skilled laborers at his command, and can make a reasonably certain calculation upon the result of their labor. The English plowman serves an apprenticeship at this most important specialty from the time he is old enough to reach the plow-handles till he becomes an expert; whilst the American farm-hand thinks he can perform this skilled operation without any previous practice! The American farm-hand makes up in assurance what he lacks in practical knowledge. But assurance, however important in desperate enterprises, will never lay a straight and even furrow. The American farmer is, no doubt, far from greater losses through unskilled labor, because a large percentage of his labor is done by machinery, which works much more perfectly than the unskilled hand. But the cost of wear and tear of machines operated by unskilled hands, is much greater than if they were run by experts.

It is evident that the changed condition of our agriculture must soon compel the employment of skilled hands, and that the farmer must be educated before they can be employed. Agricultural laborers are composed too largely of a floating, unsettled class, and this must be changed before amendment in the degree of skill can be expected. They must be composed of a class with settled and definite ends and aims, who are educated to the business as earnestly as mechanics. With such assistance, agriculture will attract capital, and afford it a safe investment. Skilled labor is the immediate demand so the future in agriculture.—*Rural New Yorker.*

In countries where cows are the most productive they are not allowed to range at will, but are confined in comparatively close quarters. On the Channel Islands, where the Jersey and Guernsey cows are bred, they are tethered and kept confined year round. The Holsteins live with their owners, generally under the same roof, while the bonnie Ayrshire almost shares the bed and board of her master. These customs have perfected breeds of cows, and made them profitable, while the American system of pasture ranges and barnyard "exercises" has perfected nothing, and never will, and in most cases has afforded really no profit. On the one side is philosophy and cow sense; while on the other, old notions and human prejudice govern.—*American Dairyman.*

Consistency is a jewel. This was evidently the belief of the French cadet who presented himself before the board of examiners as a candidate for a commission. The question was put to him, "when Charlemagne lived." "Eight centuries before Christ," was the reply. "Eight centuries after Christ is what you mean," suggested one of the examiners. "I am sorry to differ from so learned a body," returned the candidate, "but I said 'before Christ,' and I adhere to my statement."

We sent a boat at the bottom and a house at the top.—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Night With Nan, the Newsboy.

It is drawing on toward seven o'clock, and we are to make the rounds to-night. The volunteers begin to drop in. They are shy at first at finding strangers present, but soon begin to throw out and deliver their views freely. There is Dick Harrington, who works at sail-making; Peter Hayes, a tinker; "Bony" Hayes, Nan thinks this stands for Bonaparte or Bonanza, he is not sure which, a porter; Thomas Cody, a printer; and Jos. Findlay, whose business is to count papers in a newspaper office.

Harrington is not beyond a boyish bluntness; Peter Hayes is inclined to be a little boastful; "Bony" Hayes is something of a philosopher, and claims to have seen a good deal of life while fishing for eels off the docks; Findlay enjoys the distinction of having made a specialty of frustrating suicides, and Cody, from the line of business he is in, is spoken of as pretty "educated."

The apparatus taken along consists of bathhooks, life-lines, an iron ladder, folding up neatly like a camp-stool, and lanterns. The life-line is a common cord, about twenty-five feet long, with a small billet of wood attached to the end to be thrown to the person in the water.

We do not have the luck to see a genuine case to-night. Up we go along the strange river front to the foot of Montgomery street, then down to the Battery, perhaps two miles in a straight line. How imposing the vast black hulls stand up against the sky! The water clunks and chuckles to itself, as if with a secret cruel humor, under the planks on which we walk. Whoever is drifted by the tide in under there, where the rays of the dark lantern will not penetrate, is lost indeed.

The vicinity of the ferries is where there are the most bustling crowds, the water's edge is the most easily reached, and the principal liability to accidents exists. At Pier Two, the South Ferry, where their station was then moored, Kelly and Long, at half-past two of a winter's morning, heard a cry. They ran out, explored, but could see nothing. Coming back, two hands were discerned projecting despairingly out of the ice-cakes. With a boat and aid of their Newfoundland dog, Rover, they drew the man out. They found him to be a 'longshoreman, who had walked over the edge while intoxicated.

This is a very common story. The large part of the rescued, or those assisted before they have a chance to come to harm,—for the boys make this a praiseworthy part of their occupation, too,—are of a similar sort. They are sailors searching in a dazed way for their ships, persons of low condition attempting to walk straight across the open Coenties Slip, or to the lights of Brooklyn, forgetful of the water, or others lain down to sleep on the string-pieces of the piers.

The suicides are generally intoxicated, too. Those who are not, go out upon the ferry-boats, perhaps to make some work of it. It is a strange experience to hear one of these boys tell how he found a middle-aged woman on the edge of the pier, "praying" and looking up at the sky; how she "made a bounce" and he "grabbed" her, and how he advised her, when she groaned that she had been robbed of her money and clothes and wanted to die, to "just go right home and don't bother no more about it."

These are lives so long steeped in the drags of wretchedness as to be almost tireless to their owners, because they are so hopeless.

Then there are the careless children, for whom there are regular seasons. Many such rescues happen in the spring when the little folks begin to play on the loose logs and rafts in the basins with the first fine weather, but the majority occur in the summer bathing-time.

The grown people are shy of giving their names, or making any stir about their rescues, through shame at the condition they were in. The children often have a wholesome fear of further punishment at home, should they return dripping and their whereabouts at the time be known.

Frequently some sad victim of a boy, as he might be though, just drawn from death's door, may be seen playing gayly at tag, waiting for his cloths which are spread out to dry in the sun.

We stop to see the shed, turned up against the side of the shed on the Harlem pier, which was Nan's place of business in former times. He has transferred it to a cousin, thus keeping it still in the family. We talk with the watchman on a tall British bark in the India trade. Then we pick up a tramp, stowed away in a dangerous place by the Bridge-street ferry, and hand him over to the police, who receive him grumbling.

The boys are sorry that we do not have a chance to see them in the actual heat of their occupation. They offer, if we wish, to go through the form of a rescue, by having one of their own number fall in and two others get him out. We do not, of course, accept so barbarous a test of hardihood, for it is early spring and the water is icy cold. We are satisfied to hear from them their manner of doing it.

The life-line is thrown as near the sinking person as possible. Two puts the patrol go into the water. One puts the line about the subject with a "half-hitch," the other helps support him to land. If he struggle and seize the rescuer so as to endanger both, the latter sinks a little, when the drowning man lets go his hold in alarm. In some cases it has been necessary to strike him, so as to render him partly insensible.

The drowning person is always to be approached from behind, turned upon his back, and drawn in by the hair, the rescuer swimming on his back also. This plan is recommended by the best authorities, and it may be well for some of our young readers to bear it in mind.

These young fellows have had the odd experience of seeing themselves and their work represented on the stage. They went to see, at one of the cheap down-town theaters, a sensational piece entitled "Nan, the Newsboy," which was acted to the satisfaction of quite a large audience.

The boys speak of this play with

great disgust. "It was the richest life-savin' I ever see," says Nan. "They had me in it, and me mother in it, and all of us. There was a woman, and she hadn't not no more than lost her baby when I steps up and says, 'Here's yer baby, missus.'"

"Then there was river pirates and a milliner. A girl she comes singin' down the docks about twelve o'clock at night. There aint no girls comes singin' around us. The river pirates they stabbed the girl and throwed her in. Then there was another one throwed in. We had all three of 'em out in five minutes. The feller what was supposed to be me was about thirty years old. The one what looked like Kelly he had a mustache."

A glance at the smooth countenance of Kelly, so innocent of any such decoration, showed this to be an error quite worthy of the vigorous way in which it was found fault with.

The account given of the way rescued persons behave after their rescue is not at all favorable. Gratitude is said to be the last thing they think of. Often there is positive abuse. If a hat be lost during the confusion, as is of course not uncommon, this trifling mishap drives everything else from their minds.

It is clear that it is not the interesting character of the persons saved by which Nan and his mates are inspired. Nor does it seem an unusual benevolence of disposition on their part. It is a bold delight in the danger, the hardship, the skill of the thing for itself. Plenty of the same sort of ambition is perverted to the worst uses, and thus makes it especially gratifying to find it so worthily employed.

Whatever may become of his experiment in the end, Nan, the Newsboy, in choosing so high and humane an aim in life, instead of drifting, as he so easily might, into the usual course of the loafers on corners, has set a useful and noble example.—*W. H. Bishop, in St. Nicholas.*

What Female Education Should Be.

The first maxim in intellectual training is, that bright children are sure to be bright, and stupid children to be stupid; and the second is, that the only brightness of any use in a child is that which can be continued into mature life. It follows that the great thing is to ascertain what all children, "smart" or stupid, can and ought to learn, and then to allow the bright only to go beyond; while care is taken that their brightness shall be both judged and directed by the probability of its ultimate result. Now, what ought all young ladies to learn? First, to speak and write English correctly, and to read it aloud clearly and fluently. Next, to do plain needle-work. It is a great mistake to think that wealth can supersede the necessity for this. In the first place, this is the most feminine of occupations; next, it affords even the stupidest person an opportunity of doing one thing well without being attracted by the display that usually attends excellence; and lastly, it is a most valuable preparation for a useful intercourse with the poor. Then must come the rudiments of history, geography, ciphering, and as much French as the natural ability of the student renders possible. Nothing more is necessary—all else should depend upon natural gifts and personal tastes. Scarcely any woman can ever be so learned or clever that it becomes a matter of indifference whether she is also good-looking, yet she may easily acquire a proficiency which will be a source of genuine satisfaction to herself and her friends. It must, however, be conceded that it is not possible to range all girls under the head of stupid or clever, and that some common ground of general education is wanted—which shall steele, awaken and develops their powers as they grow into young women. Incomparably the best instrument for meeting this want is to be found in the study of standard English literature. This will elevate, excite, and steady them, and make them rationally proud to think that they are called on to "suckle fools and chronicle small beer" in a great and free country. Accomplishments are quite a secondary matter. If men do not get tired of the songs, they soon get tired of the singer if she can do nothing but sing. What is really wanted in a woman is that she should be a permanently pleasant companion. So far as education can give or enhance pleasantness, it does so by making the view of life wide, the wit ready, the faculty of comprehension vivid; and the only trustworthy engine of education directed to this end is an honest and intimate familiarity with great authors.—*Golden Era.*

To Make Dutch Cheese.

I was given this receipt some years ago and sent it to you for publication, as it proved to be excellent, and the cheese will be appreciated by all who are fond of this cheese—and who are not? It is as follows: Allow the milk to thicken; then heat gently over a fire in a large kettle till the curd separates from the whey, then dip out into a colander or other suitable vessel, so that the whey can be pressed out of the curds as dry as possible; after all the curds are pressed out, crumble up with the hands as fine as can be done, then press them down in an earthen vessel, and let it stand a few days till it becomes thoroughly heated. Don't omit to stir it throughout daily, afterwards pressing it down, so that every portion may become heated alike; now take it out and salt to suit the taste. A small quantity of butter makes it richer; but it is not positively necessary, as it is very good without it. Then take a deep basin or basins (according to the quantity), grease them well, press them even full of cheese and set them in a stove or oven, and bake till slightly brown on the top, when your cheese is done. If once tried as here given I do not think that many farmers' families would do without it.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

MACARONI A LA ITALIENNE.—Take one-quarter of a pound of macaroni, boil it in water until tender, fifteen or twenty minutes. Thicken one-half of a pint of boiling milk with one tablespoonful of flour, and one-half of a tablespoonful of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little white pepper, salt and red pepper. Stir into this one-quarter of a pound of grated cheese; boil all together a few minutes and serve.

It is the latest fancy of fashionable young England to deck himself in a gown of cashmere, serge-flannel, or some similar stuff, when he goes out to five o'clock tea. Thus attired it is hard to distinguish him from his sister, his cousin or his aunt. John Bull, of course, swears terribly at this appearance of effeminacy.

A Young Moose.

The moose, or elk, is the largest of all the deer tribe, attaining the extraordinary height of seven feet at the shoulders, thus equalling many an ordinary elephant in dimensions. The horns of this animal are very large, and widely palmed at their extremities, their united weight being so great as to excite a feeling of wonder at the ability of the animal to carry so heavy a burden.

It does not reach its full development, until its fourteenth year. The musk is very large and is much lengthened in front, so as to impart a most unique expression to the elk's countenance. The color of the animal is a dark-brown the legs being washed with a yellow hue. It is a native of Northern Europe and America, the moose of the latter continent and the elk of the former being one and the same species.

As the flesh of the elk is palatable, and the skin and the horns extremely useful, the animal is much persecuted by hunters. It is a swift and enduring animal, although its gait is clumsy and awkward in the extreme. The only pace of the elk, is a long, swinging trot; but its legs are so long and its paces so considerable, that its speed is much greater than it appears to be. Obstacles that are almost impassable to a horse are passed over easily by the elk, which has been known to trot uninterruptedly over a number of fallen tree-trunks, some of them five feet in thickness.

When the ground is hard and will bear the weight of so large an animal, the hunters are led a very long and severe chase before they come up with their prey; but when the snow lies soft and thick on the ground, the creature soon succumbs to its lighter antagonists, who invest themselves in shoe-shoes and send over the soft snow with a speed that speaks of a much greater knowledge of the pool, which sinks floundering into the deep snow-drifts at every step, and is soon worn out by its useless efforts.

It is as wary as any of the deer tribe, being alarmed by the slightest sound or the faintest scent that gives warning of an enemy. As the elk trots along, its course is marked by a succession of sharp sounds, which are produced by the snapping of the cloven hoofs, which separate at every step, and fall together as the animal raises its foot from the ground.

Generally, the elk avoids the presence of man, but in some seasons of the year he becomes seized with a violent excitement, that finds vent in fighting with every living creature that may cross his path. His weapons are his horns and fore-feet, the latter being used with such terrible effect that a single blow is sufficient to slay a wolf on the spot.

The enormous horns form no barrier to his progress through the woods, for when the elk runs, he always throws his horns well back upon his shoulders, so that they rather assist than impede him in traversing the forest glades.

The elk is a capital swimmer, proceeding with great rapidity, and often taking to the water for its own amusement in Africa. During the Summer months of the year it spends a considerable portion of its time under water, its nose and horns being the only parts of its form which appear above the surface. Even the very young moose is a strong and fearless swimmer.

The skin of the elk is extremely thick, and has been manufactured into clothing that would resist a sword-blow and repel an ordinary pistol-bolt. The flesh is sometimes dressed fresh, but is generally smoked like hams, and is much esteemed. The large muzzle or upper lip is, however, the principal object of admiration to the lovers of elk flesh, and is said to be rich and gelatinous when boiled, resembling the celebrated green fat of the turtle.

When captured young, the elk is very susceptible of domestication, and in a few hours will learn to distinguish its keeper, and to follow him about with playful confidence. If, however, the animal has attained to a moderate growth, it becomes fierce, surly and dangerous.

In the middle of the night," says Anderson, speaking of a young captive elk, "we were awakened by a noise in the hovel, and found that as it had in some measure recovered from its terror and state of exhaustion it began to think of getting home, and was much enraged at finding itself so securely imprisoned. We were unable to do anything with it, for if we merely approached our hands to the opening of the hut, it would spring at us with the greatest fury roaring and erecting its mane in a manner that convinced us of the futility of all attempts to save it alive. We threw to it the skin of a deer, which it tore to pieces in a moment. This individual was a yearling, and about six feet high."

CHICKEN SALAD.—Salt your chicken while boiling; put equal quantities of chicken and celery, chop the whites of your eggs, and put with them three yolks of hard-boiled eggs and one raw one to one chicken; one bottle of oil to two chickens—one-half pint bottle; mash the boiled yolks, then add the raw egg well beaten, and gradually add the oil, stirring all the time; one small dessert spoon of mustard to one chicken, mix the mustard with the vinegar, and let it stand a few minutes. When cold, mix and add a little white pepper and oil, or melted butter if one prefers it.

MACARONI A LA ITALIENNE.—Take one-quarter of a pound of macaroni, boil it in water until tender, fifteen or twenty minutes. Thicken one-half of a pint of boiling milk with one tablespoonful of flour, and one-half of a tablespoonful of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little white pepper, salt and red pepper. Stir into this one-quarter of a pound of grated cheese; boil all together a few minutes and serve.

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Ruskin's Ideal Woman.

Ruskin's notions about woman's dress were given in a recent number of the *Home Journal*. His views of the position woman ought to occupy in society and in his Utopia will be read with not less interest. It will be remembered that he treated the subject of dress in no light spirit, but considered it as an essential element in a scheme of life where refinement and simplicity are to be allied in the highest attainable degree. Our raiment should be charming, made of the best material and with the soundest work, ornamented only with lovely and skillful bits of workmanship. Women ought to be pleasant creatures; a room ought to be the brighter for their presence in it. Their highest power and charm should lie in a cultivated habit of sympathy. Ruskin is utterly opposed to the temper that would dress sisters of charity in gray and dull colors. He is somewhat conservative and Asiatic regarding woman's role and influence. He says: "The end of all right education for a woman is to make her love her home better than any other place; that she should so seldom leave it as a queen her queen; nor ever feel entirely at rest within its threshold." To attain this right end of education the process is neither a cheerless nor a severe one. Ruskin, it is true, exacts from children of both sexes a habit of unreasoning obedience and an essential understanding of the nature of honor. But to obey and be truthful, he believes, are instincts of nature that, to be developed, need only proper nourishment and training. In the Utopia of Saint George's Company the education of the little ones will have no lack of brightness; singing and dancing are held there to be more important factors in training than learning how to read, write and keep accounts. The latter, indeed, in some cases (that of the poorer classes) may be entirely dispensed with, but the former can in no case be ever spared. Dancing, decorously and rightly taught, is perhaps considered the most important of secular arts. Ruskin has no patience with lauguid paradises of sofas and rocking-chairs. A girl's bodily education ought to make sure that she can stand and sit upright, the ankle straight and firm as a marble shaft, the waist elastic as a weed and as unfatigable.

Next in importance to the training of bodily exercise and music come the uses of gardening. It is natural that stress should be laid upon gardening in the educational scheme of a company started for the work of the redemption of desert land; and which holds that the substantial wealth of a man consists in the earth he cultivates with its pleasant and profitable animals and plants, and in the rightly-produced work of his own hands. Ruskin would give to every little maid, as soon as may be, a yard or two square of ground, with tools suited to her strength for the culture thereof, and seeds for the sowing. Later on, a beehive might be placed in a suitable corner, and the crowning achievement of her secular virtues would be to produce in its season a piece of snowy and well-filled comb. For townfolk this crowning achievement of their daughter's virtue is a delightful picture that must, however, partake of the fate of pictures seen in dreamland. There is, nevertheless, much that is practical and beneficial in Ruskin's hints on the use of gardening. He would turn the garden to healthy, economical, as well as educational purposes. He makes war against greenhouses, and especially hot-houses. The object of gardening is to keep girls out of the greenhouse, and to have none of the "clipping, potting, petting and standing dilettanteism in a damp and over-scented room." He would have vegetable grown in gardens needing the observance of seasons, coming to perfection in their own proper time, and with the rare annual taste of the thing grown to its due days. In gardening would come knowledge of plants, the best use in our country, and the power would be given to teach others to "take pleasure in the green herb that grows for meat, and the colored flowers grown for joy." On the subject of gardening and the refining and delight-giving influence of flowers, the Master of St. George writes many suggestive and beautiful pages. In the arrangement of her life he would that every girl should give every day some spare moments to gardening, or, if she has no garden, to the care of flowers in pots, and their pretty arrangement in her windows. Indoor work next claims attention. Every girl should do daily a bit of housemaid's work, doing it so thoroughly as to be a pattern of perfection in that kind—a stair or two or a corner of a room kept polished like a Dutch picture. Knowledge of cookery he holds to be an absolute necessity. A woman should know "how to cook plain meats and dishes economically and savorily. Nor is her household only to profit by her proficiency. She should acquaint herself with the poor, not as a patroness, but as a friend. She can then profitably and gracefully give those hints by which the humble fare may be made more tasty."—*Home Journal*.

COSTLY AMUSEMENT.—A costly April-fool joke is described by the *Worcester Spy* as taking place in Boston: On one of the principal thoroughfares, two teamsters had left their teams standing with the tail-bars touching. Two fun-loving clerks conceived the idea of chaining these teams together, which idea was promptly carried out. Soon the drivers returned, and not noticing what had been done to their teams, mounted the seats, and with a simultaneous "Git!" proceeded to start off. The start, of course, did not take place. One of the drivers, looking around and discovering the difficulty, got down, and undoing the chain, which was worth eight or ten dollars, threw it into his wagon, and both teams immediately drove off, amid the frantic calls of the clerks to return the chain. As both the teamsters are unknown to the clerks, it is more than probable that their salaries will be diminished just the value of the chain.

A wind instrument. The fellows.

Getting Married.

It is very unfortunate for many that a subject so practical and important as marriage is often spoken of as if it were a mere jocular incident in human life. The opportunity to fill young minds with just and pure ideas concerning it is partially lost, and from the habit of treating matrimony as a comedy, it is sometimes turned into horrible tragedy.

Marriage has its social side. Persons rise or fall, or are kept from rising or falling, in a great measure, by the companions for life whom they select. Mr. Small would never by himself have amounted to much, but he had the good fortune to marry a capable, educated, energetic girl, and the result is the Small family stand among the foremost in the town.

Marriage has its prudential side. When the young people set out in disregard of the first principles of honest living, they lay the basis of many a bitter sorrow. When self-denial, forethought, and careful calculation are made at the beginning, and even overmastering affection is made to bend to practical wisdom, they have laid a foundation for safe future prosperity. Tom Fawcett was desperately in love with Miss Greer, but he knew just how much it would take to "set them up," however modestly. He told her his ideas and plans; he got a savings bank-book; she kept it for him; it was a salutary check on any little extravagances to which she might have been tempted. Mr. Fawcett is now a Bank President, and Mrs. Fawcett keeps four domestics, and makes every one of them keep a savings bank-book.

Marriage has an intellectual side. A man with a handsome face and fine figure, but without brains or any wish for knowledge, makes it hard for a wife of average capacity to maintain the "looking-up" attitude. On the other hand, a refined and educated woman with an active mind lifts up a man who has inherent force, though, perhaps, without early advantages. A wise young fellow ought to say to himself: When that hair is less thick and glossy, when that cheek is paler, when that eye has less luster than now, will there still remain a mind that will stimulate and strengthen mine?

Marriage has a moral side. Harry Bell admired his girl, but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do homage to her principle. She dazzled others; she fascinated him; he was proud of her in society. But this was all. When he had his home and his wife in it he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. It might be wicked, but she enjoyed it, if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad, and the girls are "not turning out well." It might have been different if Mrs. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a personal side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little looseness of the tongue, a little—a very little—jealousy of disposition may be the ruin of two lives that ought to have been happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew that she had a "temper of her own"; and, unfortunately, now that she—temper and all—Charlie's he knows it likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed and at length driven from his house by him, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has, in various small ways, "cribbed, cabined and confined" her, till a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. It is pitiable to see her sidelong glance at him, that she may find out whether, unobserved, she may cordially receive an old friend of her childhood. Dick might scold her, sideways, all evening, if she showed too much warmth.

These and many such matters are little thought of by too many young persons, and hence the "incompatibility," the "unpleasantness" and quarrels, ending too often in separation. The union was formed under the influence of admiration, or self-love, or ambition, or sordid gain, and it was not happy. Ah, Mr. Looker, you may buy gold too dear.

There are cases in which marriages not abstractly wise, are yet robbed of their evil in a good degree by prudent friends. A young girl becomes interested in some one; commits herself, and when he comes to ask permission of her parents to address her, every one knows that it is of no use for them to refuse. She will have him whether they like it or not. The parents are reflecting, self-controlled persons. They say to one another, "This is not the wisest choice that poor Mattie has made, but she has made it, and we must make the best of it." So he is brought to the house; arrangements are prudently made for them; he is reconciled; influenced; guided. His respect and confidence are secured, so that instead of his standing on his insulted dignity and defiantly employing his power, he becomes ambitious to win the esteem and affection of his wife's "folks"; so he is lifted up among married people can do much to make or mar them.

There is a curious felicity some have in the circumstances of their marriage, which gives them a good "send off." They do not surprise any one when it is announced. People say it is just the thing. They do not run about the town telling everybody of the "catch," but they cement the friendship of many years by timely confidences which say, informally, "I wish you as one of my friends to know it." Their wedding is no "splurge." "Her own minister," who has long known her, watched over her, who shares in her hopeful satisfaction, marries her, and his voice trembles a little as he says, "The Lord bless you!" He feels as if giving his own child to another's custody, and the bridegroom knows again from the very tones of the clergyman that he would be bad and

base beyond expression if he held lightly that sacred trust. Quietly and naturally the young couple settles down into their new life, forgetting no civilities, taking on no airs, provoking no criticism. They are beginning as they mean to end. They will not be the "talk of the town," they will never occupy the time of a divorce court.—*John Hall, in New York Ledger.*

Society in Australia.

In his new work on "Australia," Mr. Wallace gives a striking illustration of the beginnings of the social scale, upon which woman has advanced to her present position in civilized life, and upon which she is rapidly progressing to still higher levels of independence and liberty. The Australian aborigines, says the author, bear some slight resemblance to the Hill Tribes in India. They have imitative dexterity and are capable of enduring great extremes of fatigue, hunger and thirst. They are affectionate and generous to their male offspring, except when too hard pressed with hunger, in which case they kill and eat them. In preference, however, they would always butcher the female members of their family. Women are slaves, and are separated for the slightest offense—even for a husband's disappointment in the chase. A girl who has left her husband, even involuntarily, is cruelly disgraced. Consequently, as abduction is a common crime, rarely does a girl possess unusual grace and elegance but she is soon marked and scarred by the ravisher or repeated wounds that he must hold out his leg while each male of the tribe sticks his spear into it. But so hardy are these savages that, with no remedy but a little fine dust, the wounds, however severe, heal quickly. These curious people have no other form of government than that of the family, and no religion, except the dread of ghosts and demons. While the men they suppose to be spirits of the natives come to life again. They believe that after death they will themselves undergo the same change. Though without religion they are not without rites. Circumcision is performed at fourteen, and at twenty the youth is gashed over the back and chest. On the Murray river, girls have the whole back cut with flints in horizontal bands of gashes. The screams of the patient are a subject of merriment to all around. In most cases, however, the girls voluntarily submit to it, because the scarred back is greatly admired.

In another chapter the author describes a custom which is evidently the origin of the one now existing in France and other parts of Continental Europe, of bringing up girls in strict seclusion, from which they emerge only when handed over to a suitor. Something of the same instinct lingers with President Eliot, who demands that New England colleges shall be secluded in female colleges and not be allowed to study in a university with the other sex. He refers to Europe for his precedent, but he overlooks this one, which is much more ancient and venerable. In the New Britain group, the Papuans of New Zealand have this remarkable custom. Girls of six or eight years old are shut up for some five years in cages like huge extinguishers made of palm leaves, out of which they are never allowed to come till they are married. The cages are placed inside large houses, with old women to watch them. The girls are taken out once a day to wash; but they never leave the house. Mr. Wallace says that the young ladies do not seem to suffer in health. His description of the various tribes of the islands of the sea is exceedingly interesting from the numerous antetypes it furnishes of civilized habits and institutions. Thus the inhabitants of the Pelew Islands have an order of knighthood as respectable as that of the "Garter" or the "Bath." It has for its insignia the first cervical vertebra of the sea-calf. Investiture is effected by thrusting the hand through the narrow ring of the fishbone to the imminent peril of losing a finger. Another polite fashion of the Pelew is that a man must never be seen abroad with his legitimate wife. The Pelew gentlemen might be supposed to have studied in Paris or Florence.—*Home Journal.*

Necessity of Sunlight.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses, says the *Manufacturer and Builder*, lest it fade carpets, draw flies and bring freckles, we should open every door and window and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams, it drives away diseases and dampness, mold, megrims. Instead of this however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the door, shut out the glorifying rays and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of the unhealthy apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subside the light and exclude the air quivering with heat, but in the morning and in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun bath and let it flood all our rooms, and if at its very fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to our sleeping rooms, so much the better for us. Wire nettings in doors and windows exclude not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost dispense with shades and shutters and enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed to the least sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or slightly affected. Even in the same house persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemical influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Two eggs, one teaspoon of baking powder, and flour to the thickness of the consistency of soft biscuits. Drop by the tablespoonful in the pot with baked meats.

New York Sixty Years Ago.

Sixty years ago a shrewd observer landed here from England, and wrote the inevitable description of the town. It was but two generations ago, yet the moderate proportions of the seaport had then kindled no sense of rivalry. Indeed, only a few years before, Little Newport, in Rhode Island, was as commercially important. It is a pleasant, opulent, and airy city, says the good-natured observer, for which nature has done everything, and art nothing. The only public building worth noticing—hear it, urban wilderness of architectural triumphs!—is the City Hall. Poor old City Hall, with its rear of dark stone, because, according to tradition, it was supposed that the growth of the city was not likely to bring the rear economy assumed in this touching tradition casts a fairy glamour over the municipal story. It suggests a public spirit, a civic virtue, a political conscience, which would not waste money even upon a public work. It is a beautiful legend of a fable. The new Court House is now immediately behind the City Hall—the flanking monument of enormous public thefts and unspeakable contempt of civic honesty. But as the observer saw no splendor, he also saw no poverty. Within cannon-shot of the new Court House, the mine of our vulgar Sardanapalus, are now dens of a poverty and squalor and crime as wretched and repulsive as those of any great city; but our observer found only streets of comfortable private dwellings in that New York of the golden age—no dark alleys, no hovels, no dark and gloomy cellars, with noisome atmosphere and suffocating population. Snugly and comfortably, she exclaims, has every one fixed its abode. Before she died the observer had gained much notoriety in the happy land and town that she celebrated. For our observer was Miss Fanny Wright, a familiar name in the angry social, political, and religious contests of forty and fifty years ago.—*Editor's East Chair, in Harper's Magazine.*

American Forests.

The following are extracts from a paper on this subject in *Harper's Monthly* by Geo. May Powell, chairman of the American Institute Forest Committee: "Of a desolation recorded far back of even the day of Grecian glory: 'A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on thick trees.' In the days when American forests were practically limitless, our fathers, were far too famous for lifting up axes on the trees. Trusting to what seemed employment, skilled laborers have made their homes where the streams appeared permanent. Then as the summer came and went, the river grew more and more feeble till the spindles were silent. Then the flood turns that stream to a demon of destruction. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life have been injured or destroyed by men who lifted up axes on the thick trees far up the mountain where the mill streams have their birth.

"Next to production in importance, is the question of transportation as involved in navigation. Less than a quarter of the traction is needed to move a ton afoot, that is needed to move it by rail.

"Many of the streams constituting Britain's inland navigation are so small as to be spoken of as 'brooks' in the Parliamentary acts giving rights to companies to use them. One of these combined canal and river courses takes freight at the southwest of England at Severn; up historic little Avon; across Wilshire to the Thames, and down to London. All this will be so improved that in a few years the speed between steam canal-boats and that of the average freight-trains will be materially reduced. Britain's inland transport lines, thus exceed the length of her rail lines.

"Agriculture does not need sacrifice of trees, to save streams for navigation or manufactures. The identical conditions of rain or dew fall needed by either is needed for all. Seasons seldom pass in which the farmer would not have from one to three fourths added to their field by a more equal distribution of the rainfall. High culture proves an acre properly watered, may yield as much as seven or more treated in the usual ways.

"Single trees have been burned in America in log heaps, which, cut into veneers would sell for more net cash, than the whole farm where it grew. When our forests are as well treated as those of Europe, few trees will be cut except by advice of a forest engineer."

GRAPE PRESERVES.—Wash the fruit, press the pulp into an earthen dish, the skins in another; cook the pulp sufficiently and put through a colander; weigh pulp and skins, then take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one of fruit; put into your kettle; when dissolved add the fruit and boil twenty minutes.

New beginners are apt to boil jelly too long. Have both juice and sugar boiling hot when put together and twenty minutes is plenty of time. I only boil currant jelly five minutes; crabapple jelly is much nicer that way.

CUCUMBER TOAST.—Peel fresh, crisp cucumbers of medium size, cut lengthwise in thin slices, and place in cold water for a few minutes; drain, and dip each slice into flour; then fry quickly, until of a light brown, in butter or beef drippings. Place the slices of cucumber, hot from the pan, between slices of buttered toast and serve at once. The cucumbers may be seasoned with pepper and salt, or a little mustard may be added when taken from the pan.

Some men are often heard to declare that they cannot enjoy the society of women because they are so frivolous. They should recall Machelet's doctrine, "The folly of women is born of the stupidity of men."

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After a careful examination of the experience of some of the best companies in Great Britain, who have shown a greater liberality than has been customary in this country, this Society feels justified in adopting a form or contract in which the following important concessions are made to policy-holders throughout the United States:

1. Policies will be made incontestable after three years from their date.
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3. Each Tontine policy will contain a definite surrender-value in cash, in case of withdrawal at the end of the Tontine Period.
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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., AUG. 9, 1879

Good Advice—Leave Debt Alone.

We have often heard the idea advanced that it is necessary to borrow largely in order to make money largely; that, in other words, a heavy debt gives momentum to a man's blows in the battle of life. It is said, with considerable truth, that the men who are the largest of our land-holders have added acre to acre and farm to farm, by a process of paying down enough to secure it, and giving a mortgage for the balance, or still more directly, by borrowing elsewhere. We are told that, under our present commercial system, debt is a necessity of business, and most of all of making a beginning in life. "Hold your own with the larger establishments," was the advice given to a young man just commencing business on his own responsibility.

Now, these are days in which such views should be sharply criticised. The man who has an unincumbered farm, and mortgages it to purchase another field or ranch, is entering upon doubtful paths, for a series of short crops may ruin him. The merchant who enlarges his business on any other basis than that of a steady well-fibred growth, is certainly taking risks. And this is true of human pursuits.

The careful student of the lives of successful men cannot fail to discover that most of them won success by the path of slow but steady gains. For ninety-nine hundredths of the human race, to live by means of toil and patient saving this must be the way out. Then, when a little has been laid by, the main question of an investment must be, "Is it safe?" not "Will it pay largely?" After all that has been written against stock-gamblers, the fact remains that those who invest know the risk and accept it in a spirit far from healthy or wise.

Whatever urges a man towards speculation is of the same gambling nature, whether it be town lots, paper cities or purchases of untried Keeley Motor inventions. The safe way is swift enough and in no wise worries the brain or grieves the heart. If we might only learn well this lesson our young State would soon feed half a continent.—S. F. Bulletin.

The Reno Gazette tells of an attorney who, pleading a case in the Justice Court, a few days since, closed his speech as follows: "But to say more on this subject would be to insult your intelligence. It is rarely the good fortune of any man to have so intelligent and fair-minded a jury to try his cause. You are all men of sense, character and integrity, and, I am sure, are animated by an earnest desire to do right. Whatever may be your verdict, I am sure it will be in accord with justice." When the jury brought in a verdict fifteen minutes later against his client, he turned to a friend with: "You couldn't expect anything else from a lot of pig-headed galoots. The jury system is a farce anyhow."

NEW USE FOR OLD CLOTHES.—A manufactory in Germany turns out 1,000 pounds of grape sugar a day, made from old linen. The old linen, which is pure vegetable fibrine, is treated with sulphuric acid, and converted into dextrine. This is washed with lime water, and then treated with more acid, and almost immediately changes and crystallizes into glucose or grape sugar—which is highly valued in the making of rich preserves and jellies.

Mr. Van Cott will not preach the gospel for \$3 per day. She lately returned \$36 for 12 days' services, saying the amount was an insult to a widow.

Three New York typos have won \$5,000 apiece in a lottery. They pooled their funds and will divide the issue.

Well-bred fox hounds are very valuable. At Lord Poltimore's sale in 1870 forty-three hounds produced over \$15,000.

"An old California miner" claims to have discovered gold in Brown and Monroe counties, Ind., in paying quantities.

At a petroleum factory in Paris it is noticed that new workmen with bronchial or pulmonary diseases soon lose them.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & C.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,

Weyrich Headers,

Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,

Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.

Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL MAY 10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and

MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD RIDING AND DRIVING PONY.—Has been used for the last three years by a lady, and is perfectly gentle and kind everywhere. Have no use for him any longer and he must be sold. Inquire of L. WALKER, At the Postoffice.

WHITTEMORE &

HIGGINSON,

DRUGGISTS.

[SUCCESSORS TO MACK WEBBER.]

One Door West of Express Office,

WOODLAND.

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda, Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Chest Protectors, Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

French and English Perfumery,

BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,

A Fine Lot of

FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a full assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.



The Most Efficient and Enduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and perfect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, J. W. EVANS,

29 Post Street, San Francisco.

Mechanic's Institute Building.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOR. MCLEOD.

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

E. R. BUSH.

Democratic Candidate for

SUPERIOR JUDGE,

YOLO COUNTY.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,

Grain Bags,

Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc.,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS Favorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

GREAT REDUCTION!

—IN—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

FANCY GOODS,

Etc., Etc.

The above goods will be sold for the next 60 DAYS at 25 per cent. less than they can be bought in any other place in this county.

DRESS GOODS, worth 30 and 35 cts., 15 Cts.
" " " 50 " 25 "
" " " 75 " 40 "
" " " 1.00 " 62 "
MEN'S SUITS, worth \$30, \$12.50
" " " \$25, 15.00

Call in before purchasing elsewhere,

Haas & Kauffman.

Winters.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....\$2.00
Six Months,.....\$1.00

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.